MARVEL
POWERS OF X
X
ISSUE 2 OF 6 – HICKMAN/SILVA/DI BENEDETTO/GRACIA
RB

[kra_[0.1]
[koa_[2.1]

There is a chasm between you and I, Charles. A gap that cannot be crossed.

With each passing day, I fear it never will be.

-MAGNETO

[kra_[4.1]
[koa_[6.1]

[kra_[8.1]...]
[koa_[9.1]...]

[Magneto_omega]

X°: The X-Men.
Year One.
Island M.
The Bermuda Triangle.
They say it is *easy* to become lost in this part of the world. That those who set sail on these waters are often never heard from again.
But you are beyond the superstitions of man-- and *though lost*--I know you have never lost your way.
So what are you doing here, Charles?

I am here for you, *old friend.*
I cannot tell you how much it would please me to know that you and I would stand *side by side* in the coming days...
...but I have learned ***hard lessons*** and *no longer believe* there is a place in this world for both ***your dreams*** and ***mine.***
Old friend.
And what if I told you we were ***both wrong?***
That both our dreams are fleeting and too small for the coming days...
I would find that hard to believe--*you* losing your faith.
Tell me, Dr. MacTaggert. You're a specialist, specializing in the behavior of mutants...
...do you have any keen insight into what ails the good professor this day?
Well, I may be the only person on this planet who truly understands what ails ***you both...***
But I have to warn you--my truth is profound and life-changing. It's primal, and I wonder if you are capable of bearing the weight of it.
It really all comes down to one thing, ***Magneto...***
...in this world, who determines what is *truly good* and what is *truly evil?*

I do.
I decide.
Then open your mind to me-- *open it to us*--and ***together*** we will figure out what to do about ***tomorrow.***
... And how do I know this isn't a game-- *some ploy*--to defeat me?
How do I know you're not going to tamper with my mind?
Please. *Just this once... trust me.*

You... you...
You're a mutant?
And all those lives...was it real?
Yes. I am a mutant.
And yes... that was as real as it gets.
Why would you show me that? The great failures... all the great falls...
Because her truth is profound and life-changing.
And apart, we always lose.
We believe it's only together that you and I--that all our people--can survive.

Charles, you know better *than this...*
...I'm not interested in ***survival.***
Good, because I'm not either. I believe that the one thing I haven't tried yet--*all of mutantdom as one*--is the thing that means more than just ***surviving...***
...but ***thriving*** and assuming our rightful place on this Earth.
We have ***a plan.***
It's ambitious and long-term...
Join us, Erik.
Join me.
I won't acquiesce to sympathy or doubt, Charles.
I won't give an inch. I will check you at every moment of weakness. And if you falter...
...know that I will not.
I would expect *nothing less.*

JONATHAN HICKMAN..................................[WRITER]
R.B. SILVA.......................................[ARTIST]
R.B. SILVA & ADRIANO DI BENEDETTO..............[INKERS]
MARTE GRACIA..............................[COLOR ARTIST]
VC's CLAYTON COWLES............................[LETTERER]
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JOE QUESADA....................[CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER]
DAN BUCKLEY...................................[PRESIDENT]
ALAN FINE...........................[EXECUTIVE PRODUCER]

[02] POWERS OF X

[ISSUE TWO]WE ARE TOGETHER NOW, YOU AND I

X-MEN CREATED BY.................STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY

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[00_of__moira]

[00_00...2]
[00_02...3]

[00_and_the]
[00_man_...]

[00_named_.]

[00_magneto]

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X¹: The X-Men.
Year Ten.
Krakoa.
Okay, so what am I looking at here?
A nightmare-- *a waking one*--and the beginning of the end, unless I'm mistaken.
These are *plans* for a ***Mother Mold***-- a *Master Mold* that makes other *Master Molds*-- in orbit around the sun.

Plans?
Referring to something that's *scheduled* to be built...or for something that *already exists?*
As far as we can tell, construction has been completed.
It's just been in a dormant phase... waiting for the right *catalyst.*
Let me guess-- *a mutant whose reach exceeded his grasp.*
They call themselves *Orchis.*
A collection of human scientists who are normally *ideologically opposed* to one another--but in mutantdom see a threat **so great** that they have **bound together** in order to *stop us.*
According to the information Mystique stole, we've discovered it's mostly ex-S.H.I.E.L.D. and A.I.M. agents with some remnant S.W.O.R.D. and H.A.M.M.E.R. operators sprinkled in.
And if you're wondering about their level of conviction, they've also held their noses long enough to *Operation Paperclip* in a few ex-Hydra as well.

So, what's the plan?
It's quite simple, really.
We *cannot* let the Mother Mold come *online.*
Sure. Because weather's always a sketchy proposition.
You never know when it's gonna start raining Sentinels.
There is that, but we have dealt with that before. Our urgency comes from projecting where their stratagem leads.
We think the scale and resources imply a paradigm shift in the technology.
Next-generation Sentinels?
I don't get it. They're already built for adaptation and improvisation, what could--
We think this is where NIMROD becomes operational.
Oh...
Damn.

Listen to me, Scott...
They have to be stopped.
Remember: This will be a frontal assault of an orbital station tens of millions of miles away built by a secret organization whose sole purpose is the extinction of mutants.
Can such a thing even be done?
... Does it need doing?
Yes.
Then it will be done.

X^2: The X-Men. Year One Hundred.
Asteroid K.
Well, boss, Cardinal and Rasputin say they succeeded. Which I suppose is *good news*...
But the bad news is Cylobel and Percival aren't making it home. And without Percival's blackout abilities, I'm not exactly sure if the information still benefits us.
I don't see how we can make it back into the city.
You'll have to forgive him.
War has a way of limiting perspective. It's a shortcoming of that seed, but the benefits... well, what do we have that is not a product of its spoils?
Do you really have it?
Yes.

Reduced down to their essence, the *machines* are composed of pure information-- *a repository of knowledge.*
Which is such a precarious thing ***in the hands of the living.*** Too much knowledge and the weak are paralyzed by choice, too little and the foolish jump boldly into the gaping maw of a hungry enemy.
But just enough--*a little fire from the gods*--and it is the great sword of victory and worth everything to have...
Give me your eyes, children.
For this, I would have sacrificed all of you.
It means ***that much.***

The Tower of Nimrod the Lesser. The Human-Machine Monolith.
They stole an indexing machine. This is disturbing. I will not lie...
...and I tell you that because, contrary to what your kind has been led to believe, I am not programmed for truth. I could lie all day if I wanted to. *Just for the pleasure of it.*
But here I am, denying myself the joy of a half truth, the bliss of fiction and the pure delight of falsehood, and why?
I'll tell you.
No, really, I'd rather you keep talking to yourself.
I apologize. It's been a costly day...and I'm ***tired.***
And you, my other human friend? Are you weary as well?
Of course not, Nimrod.
I don't believe you.

ZZZZAAAAKKKK.
Now, where were we?
Ah, yes...
...*truth.*
"Oh please, Great Nimrod. Give us our truth so that we may know the difference between darkness and light."
Well, since you ask so nicely, *here it is...*
See. Their very existence was encrypted-- *invisible to our machine eyes.* They came here in secret looking for something and it seems they found it.
I see you, mutants. ***I know your ways.***
Whatever were you looking for?

Asteroid K.
The problem with machine history is the manner in which it's collected.
Yes. They archive every moment of everything, so even if we did have access to all their historical records--*for example, if we knew something happened on a particular day*--the machine record would still return a search result of billions of actions.
Exactly. Like looking for a grain of sand on an endless beach.
So, what we thought to do was not to break into the archive to get the information we needed, but to break into the place where all that information gets indexed.
Sure, we didn't get what we ***actually need,*** but if Krakoa can decrypt it, at least we'll finally know exactly where we can find it.
This body once belonged to a mutant who could communicate with anything. I maintain all that he was though he has long left this existence.
We will find a way.
See? This is all that really matters--that we leave behind something that resonates long after our passing.
For most there is nothing. Just the pointless march toward oblivion.
It's eat, sleep, fight, die, just as it has always been and always shall be, until the sun swallows us all.

You're fantastically depressing, Xorn.
The perfect teammate for the end times.
Thank you, friend.
Success.
It's unlocked.
You gotta be kidding me.
A little mumbly nonsense and the world just opens up. I should've been born with brains.
There! Right there!
That's the node where they keep the information we're looking for.
ROOT://
ARC:SALCEN_ARC
[31][-002(2019)]_NODE 289716.98
/GENESIS PROTOCOLS/VERSIONS/NIMROD
You know the problem with this, right? There's not going to be anyone left to use it.
We only succeeded in getting this far because Percival made us invisible to the machines, and now we won't have that.

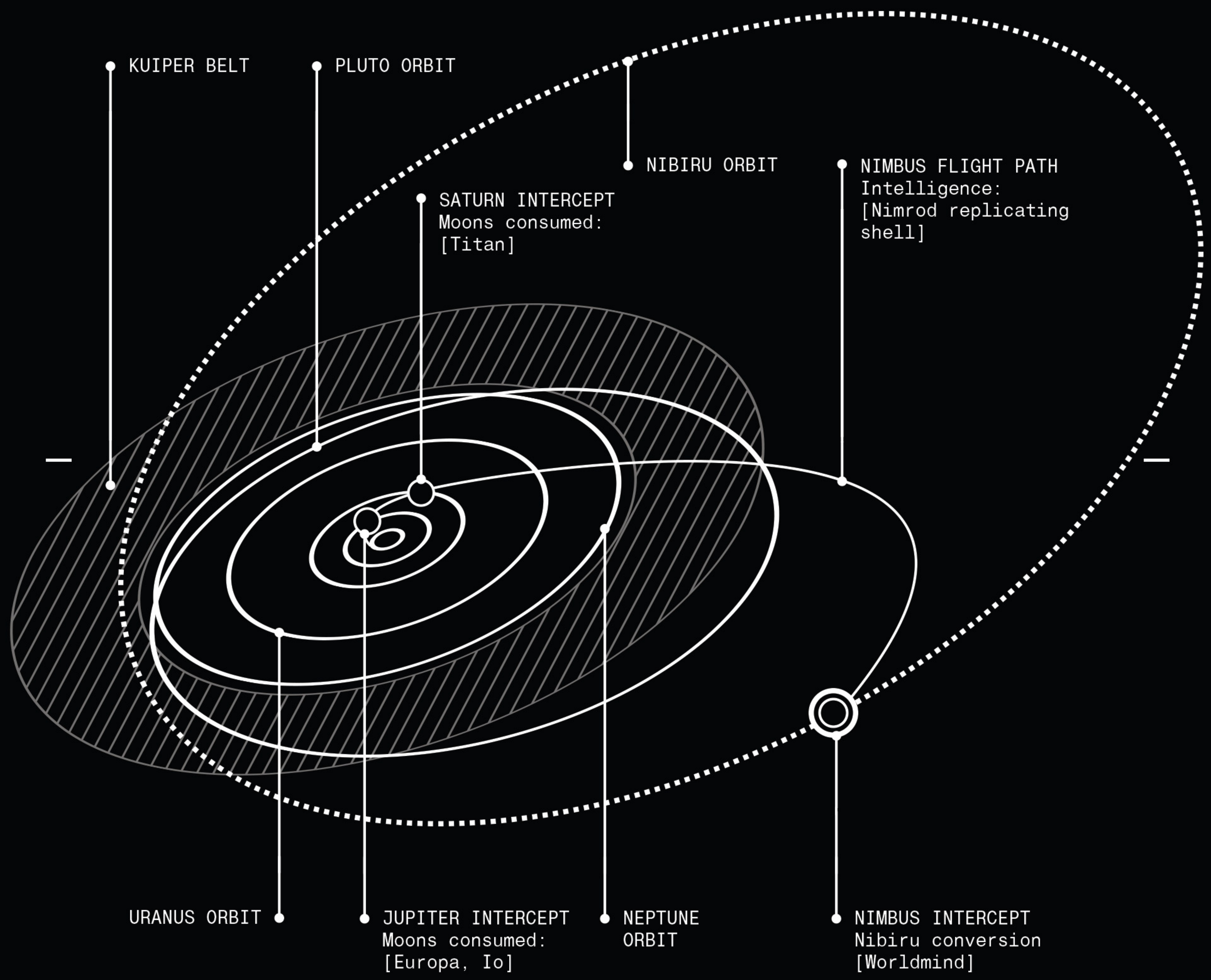
We'll have to fight our way in--*hold them off while we get the thing*--and then fight our way out.
It's a suicide mission. You understand that, right?
I've never been more excited for anything in my entire life.
I now know we were never going to stop the machines--*the technology, the future... it's unavoidable.*
The question I have is why is it always aimed at us mutants? *To test us?* To see if we are ***fit to survive?***
We will go and take what we need.
And then we will ***return.***
This is a promise whose guarantee is assured.
For I will lead you.

[0.01_NIM..]
[0.10_BUS..]

[Nibiru]...............[0.0000]
[NIMBUS]...............[0.0005]

[Intellect].............[0....1]
[WORLDMIND].............[X....1]

NIMBUS


KUIPER BELT
PLUTO ORBIT
NIBIRU ORBIT
SATURN INTERCEPT
Moons consumed:
[Titan]
NIMBUS FLIGHT PATH
Intelligence:
[Nimrod replicating shell]
URANUS ORBIT
JUPITER INTERCEPT
Moons consumed:
[Europa, Io]
NEPTUNE ORBIT
NIMBUS INTERCEPT
Nibiru conversion
[Worldmind]

Nimbus was once called Nibiru. It began as a frozen gas giant on an elliptical solar orbit that extended beyond the Kuiper belt.

Following the Badoon infestation of the early thirty-first century, the Outreach project was created to convert Nibiru into a super-intellect in the hopes of attracting -- and establishing -- a suitor-alliance with a Type III interstellar civilization.

Mirroring the Kree intelligence model, 100 of the greatest post-human scientists, scholars and artists of their generation submitted to the copying -- and integration -- of their minds into a single thinking machine, called Nimbus.

Housed in a Nimrod shell, Nimbus' journey from Earth to Nibiru took approximately four years.*

[Europa_00.00shell]
[Io______00.15shell]

When it crashed into Nibiru, Nimbus tore through the upper atmosphere and mantle of the ice giant and used the force of the impact to inject its self-replicating machines into the core of the planet.

As Nimbus consumed/converted the iron and nickel core into an ever-increasing number of memory farms and logic crystals, its intelligence level grew until the goals of the Outreach project were achieved.

Nimbus achieved Worldmind status ten years after impact.

**A more linear path would have seen the Intelligence arrive sooner, but it stopped to consume multiple Saturnian and Jovian moons in order to increase its density and intellect (which it calculated would increase the conversion rate of Nibiru).*

X³: The X-Men.
Year One Thousand.
So, Nimrod...did it work?
Normally, civilizations of our maturity only attract universal predators.
This is because the perceived value of this system is found in its Celestial resources and not its living culture.
Our system is a place to be mined... and not preserved.
Now, after hundreds of years of ugly skirmishes and quiet wars, we decided to convert Nimbus into a replicant worldmind and show the universe what we are capable of.
And--it seems--we have snared a giant.
So, Librarian, did it work?

"I think we're about to find out."

WE-[PHALANX]-ATE-YOUR-WORLDMIND

THEY-FOUGHT-FOR-SOVEREIGNTY-AND-LOST-BUT-WE-[PHALANX]-SAW-THE-WHISPERING-GODS-BEHIND-IT
WE-[PHALANX]-HAVE-HEARD-YOUR-MESSAGE-NOW-HEAR-OURS
WHAT-DO-YOU-SEEK
Ascension.

TYPES OF SOCIETIES [PLANETARY]

GALACTIC SCALE OF INTERSTELLAR SOCIETIES BASED ON MEASUREMENTS OF SPECIES INTELLIGENCE [SI].

A species intelligence [SI] of 1 is representative of the thinking power of a single mature being possessing average intellectual abilities.*

**While there are wild fluctuations between species at the Machine state (take for example the disparity between the intellectual prowess of a base Kree and Skrull), once the SI reach the Intelligence level, most variations even out.*

—

SI: 1
MACHINE

A single machine mind that is a direct copy of an existing sentient mind or represents the equivalent thinking power of a single sentient mind of a species.

—

SI: 10
HIVE

A collective of individual Machines with the unified thinking power of up to ten Machines. While there are Hives composed of more than ten Machines, regardless of which species they are based on, ones with more than ten Machines working as a collective begin to fracture and deteriorate as the repressed individuality of each Machine overwhelms the Hive.

[Note: Unlike Intelligences, Hives are mature individual intellects working together that were not created to naturally reach an SI beyond their Machine state.]

—

SI: 100-10,000
INTELLIGENCE

An Intelligence is a thinking machine created to be an amalgam of at least 100 Machines acting in harmony toward a collective goal.

[NOTE: The Supremor (the Kree Supreme Intelligence) is an amalgam of direct copies of Kree philosophers and thinkers that were merged into a single intellect. While basing an Intelligence on pre-existing beings is a common occurrence at this level of society, it becomes less common the further up the Galactic Scale.]

TYPES OF SOCIETIES [GALACTIC]

SI: 10,000
TECHNARCH

An artificial collective Intelligence (manufactured by a Phalanx) that was created to classify, order and assimilate other existing societies. This removal/repurposing of societies is a Technarch's sole purpose.

A Technarch exists as a singular node (often taking the shape of a world, but can be any series of planetary objects or formations) called a Kvch. Each Kvch is controlled by an alpha intelligence called a Magus.

Each Technarch believes it is the only Technarch in existence. Technarch are invisible to other Technarch.

—

SI: 100,000
WORLDMIND

A Worldmind is a celestial object (commonly a planet) that has been wholly converted into a singular intellect.

These intellects possess a godlike intelligence and act on a timeline of millennia. On the Kardashev scale, a Worldmind represents a Type II civilization.

—

SI: 1,000,000
PHALANX

A Phalanx is an interstellar society that operates on a galactic scale and represents an intellect that has total control of a host galaxy.

At this level of society, an intellect exists only to expand its own intelligence by consuming lesser societies, and to control the energy needs that expansion demands.

If a Phalanx encounters a society that is worth consuming by adding to its intelligence needs, then Ascension occurs. If a Phalanx encounters a society that is not worth adding to its collective, then it will seed that society with a "Techno-Organic virus." This virus will eventually produce a Babel Spire that will summon a Technarch to remove/repurpose that societal waste from the universe.

[NOTE: Technarchs do not know that they were manufactured to serve the Phalanx cause.]

On the Kardashev scale, a Phalanx represents a Type III civilization.

[planetary]...0.000
[galactic_]...0.000

[MACHINE]

[HIVE]

[INTELLIGENCE]

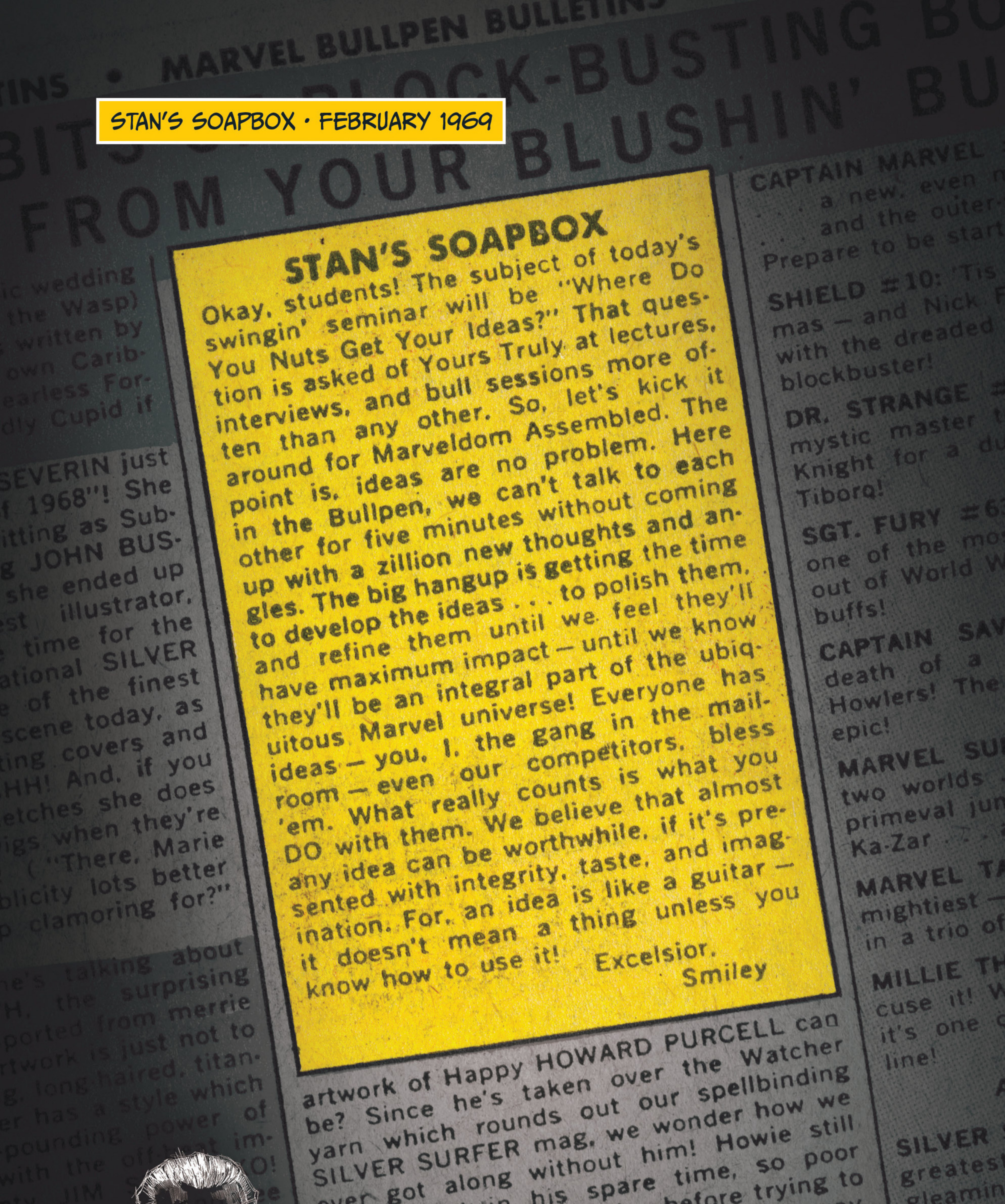
[TECHNARCH]

[WORLDMIND]

[PHALANX]

[galactic_]...0.000
[universal]...0.000

STAN'S SOAPBOX • FEBRUARY 1969



TINS • MARVEL BULLPEN BULLETINS

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STAN'S SOAPBOX

Okay, students! The subject of today's swingin' seminar will be "Where Do You Nuts Get Your Ideas?" That question is asked of Yours Truly at lectures, interviews, and bull sessions more often than any other. So, let's kick it around for Marveldom Assembled. The point is, ideas are no problem. Here in the Bullpen, we can't talk to each other for five minutes without coming up with a zillion new thoughts and angles. The big hangup is getting the time to develop the ideas . . . to polish them, and refine them until we feel they'll have maximum impact — until we know they'll be an integral part of the ubiquitous Marvel universe! Everyone has ideas — you, I, the gang in the mailroom — even our competitors, bless 'em. What really counts is what you DO with them. We believe that almost any idea can be worthwhile, if it's presented with integrity, taste, and imagination. For, an idea is like a guitar — it doesn't mean a thing unless you know how to use it! Excelsior,

Smiley

artwork of Happy HOWARD PURCELL can be? Since he's taken over the Watcher yarn which rounds out our spellbinding SILVER SURFER mag, we wonder how we ever got along without him! Howie still teaches art in his spare time, so poor Smiley has to think twice before trying to make like an editor! And, by the way, no matter how you slice it, THE SILVER SURFER is probably the biggest smash hit in comic mag publishing since the still-supreme F.F. — just as you knew it would be!

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

Marvel-ous Mags On Sale Right Now!

FOUR #84: At last! The re-
with a cameo guest

CAPTAIN MARVEL
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Prepare to be start

SHIELD #10: 'Tis
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with the dreaded
blockbuster!

DR. STRANGE #
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SGT. FURY #6
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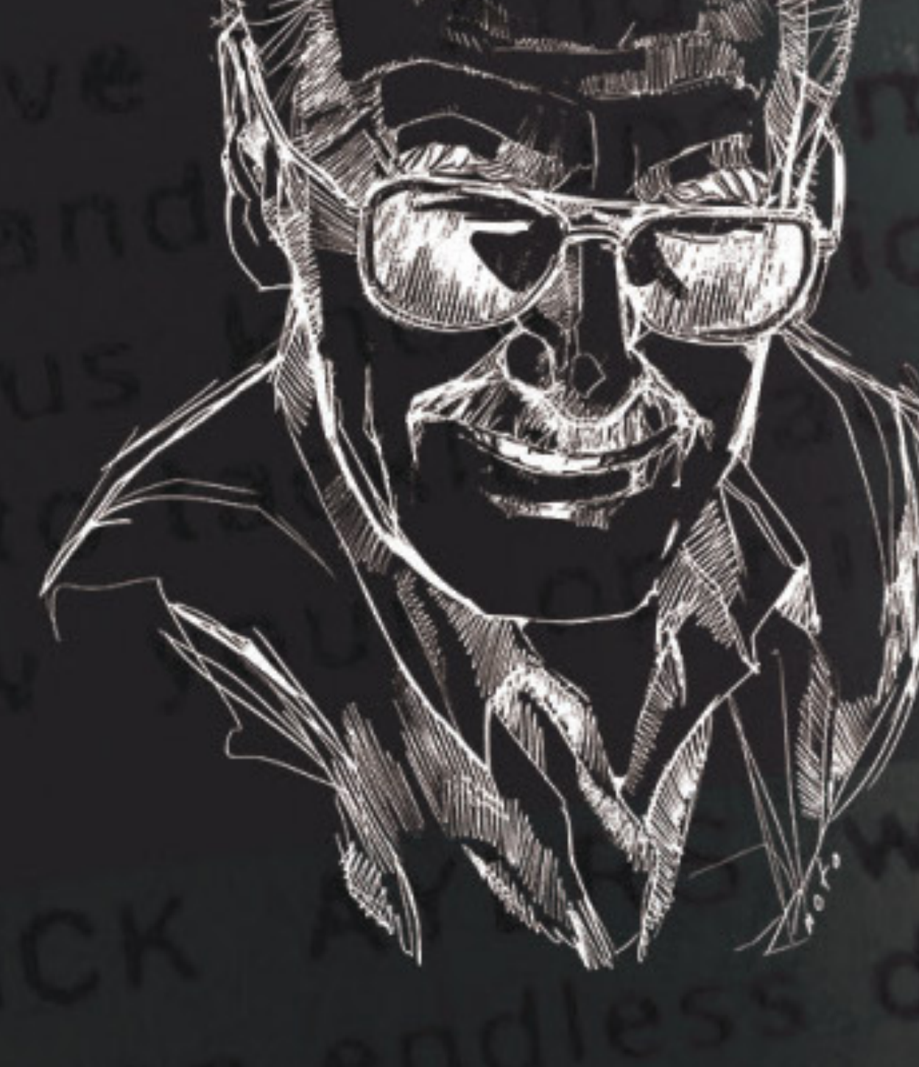

STAN LEE
FOREVER

[kra_[0.1]
[koa_[2.1]

You must see by now there is no you
and I, there is only *us.*

We are together, or we are nothing.

-PROFESSOR X

[kra_[4.1]
[koa_[6.1]

[kra_[8.1]...]
[koa_[9.1]...]

[Xavier_alpha]

READING ORDER

TWO SERIES THAT ARE ONE:

HOUSE OF X #1: JULY 24, 2019
POWERS OF X #1: JULY 31, 2019
HOUSE OF X #2: AUGUST 7, 2019
POWERS OF X #2: AUGUST 14, 2019
POWERS OF X #3: AUGUST 21, 2019
HOUSE OF X #3: AUGUST 28, 2019
HOUSE OF X #4: SEPTEMBER 4, 2019
POWERS OF X #4: SEPTEMBER 11, 2019
HOUSE OF X #5: SEPTEMBER 18, 2019
POWERS OF X #5: SEPTEMBER 25, 2019
HOUSE OF X #6: OCTOBER 2, 2019
POWERS OF X #6: OCTOBER 9, 2019

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ZONE